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COMICS  
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AUTHORITY

# Dennis

The

# MENACE

No. 20



*Special Award Winner*  
**DENNIS THE MENACE**  
"The Best Comic Magazine of 1958 for its wholesome interest and entertainment value."  
*Boys Club of America*  
Herbert Hoover, chairman of the board

*Handwritten signature*

# Dennis THE MENACE



"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PIDDY! DIDN'T WANT ME TO COME TO COLLEGE, DID YOU?!"



"OH YEAH? YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY ME HOME!"



"BUT I DON'T WANT A GREAT BIG HEAD!"



"DON'T GET ON HIM, YOUNG MAN! HE'S SUPPOSED TO LOOK THAT WAY!"

# Dennis...

# ALL-AMERICAN BOY



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE. IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.



Are you all right, Henry?

Yeah. Heh, heh... not as young as I used to be, I guess..

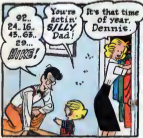
You're gonna catcha spankin'!



Daddy didn't mean to break it, Dennis!

When I tell you that, it don't work!

Whooom! An extra point!



92..  
24..16..  
45..63..  
29...  
*Whooom!*

You're actin' SILLY Dad!

It's that time of year, Dennis.



It's football season, Dennis! And were going to see my old college team play today!

Why didnt you say so!

I'm ready, children



FIGHT ON, RED & BLUE  
WILBERFORCE U.  
FIGHT ON FOR THE  
GOLD AND BLUE

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!



Some day YOU'LL be going to good ol' Wilberforce, Dennis.

Why dont he come HERE?



Gosh we'll never find a parking place near the stadium!

There's a parking lot, Henry!



Two bucks, Bud!

WHAT?

Two bucks, Dad!



Thanks, Bud!

Say you're welcome, Dad!

He's HOT!



TWO DOLLARS! That's highway robbery!

Yeah.. all he needs is a horse and a gun!



Hey, Mister Robber! Where's your horse? Where's your gun?

HUH?

DENNIS!

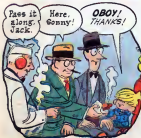


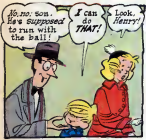
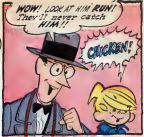
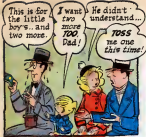
You askin' for a grumped fender, Mac?

Heh, heh! The little boy was only faking!

I wasn't either!

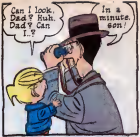
Come along, Dennis!













**BANG**

All the guys are runnin' away, Dad!

That's the half, Dennis. They...



GAME'S OVER! I'll race ya to the car!

COME BACK HERE!



DENNIS! THE GAME'S ONLY HALF OVER!

WATCH IT!

EASY DOES IT, BOB!

WHYTA HURRY, BUSTER?

TAKE IT EASY!



Can I be on your team?

Duh... I dunno...



I can run good!... HONEST!!

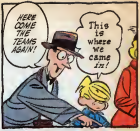
Me, too. But I don't... duh... unnerstand the plays too good!



This is me, see? An' I think I'm sposed to go... duh... here, an' here...

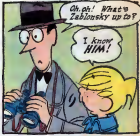
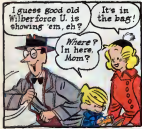
An' here... An' here... An' here...

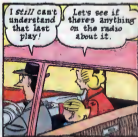




*In the second half, Wilberforce U. leads by 5 points...*

*But with 10 seconds left in the game...*





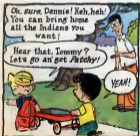
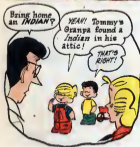
# INDIAN SUMMER





No son Y'see, when the Pilgrims came here, they were worried about Winter coming, because they didn't have much food.







Relax, Henry!  
It's just a  
new game!

Okay.. I just don't  
want to get scalped  
in my own front  
yard!



How 'bout  
that.. your  
Grampa was  
gonna throw  
Patchy away!

Yeah... big  
people sure don't  
know what's good!



I wonder how Dennis  
is making out with his  
Indian friend?

Yeah.. what  
an imagination!



He's too heavy  
to get upstairs  
to your room,  
Dennis.

I know  
a good  
teepee  
for him..  
that  
coat  
closet!



Fretty warm  
Indian summer  
weather, eh?

We were just  
going in for  
some cold  
lemonade  
How about  
joining  
us?



Go right  
in... our  
wigwam  
is yours!

WIGWAM?  
Oh...  
thanks.

Let's go up  
to my roo..  
an get a  
blanket for  
Patchy!

Okay!



What's all  
this *INDIAN*  
*STUFF*, Henry?

It's *INDIAN SUMMER*,  
George...brings out  
the *Indian* in *ME!*



Well...I'M coming  
out of my coat if  
you don't mind.

Go ahead...  
You know  
where the  
closet is.



**YOW!**



**HALP!  
INDIANS!**

**WHEE?**

**WHAT  
ON  
EARTH?**

**Meccy!**



Look, George  
there aren't  
any Indians...

**I SAW one!**  
**In THERE!!**  
**With a**  
**TOMAHAWK!!**



**Heh heh!**  
I'll just  
show...

**HENRY!**  
**LOOK**  
**OUT!**

**MARTHA!**  
**LET'S GET**  
**OUTTA**  
**HERE!!**







# TRIAL FIRE



"HEY, DAD!" Danny Daniels yelled over the noise of the tractor. "Look what Butch can do!"

Danny's father, in the midst of his Fall plowing, halted the tractor and looked down at Danny and the big, ungainly dog at his side.

"I'd like to see him do something for a change," Mr. Daniels said. "That's the dumbest dog I've ever seen!"

"We'll show him, Butch," Danny told the eager dog. "Fetch!" And Danny threw a stick as hard as he could. The stick flew over the chicken coop, with Butch in hot pursuit until he came up against the chicken wire. Then his barking and howling set the chickens to cackling and flying around excitedly.

Mr. Daniels jumped off the tractor. "Stop that, Butch!" he yelled. "You'll scare those chickens out of laying for a week!"

"Come, Butch," Danny pleaded. "Fetch it, boy!"

Butch turned, dashed around the chicken fence, under the rail fence and into the bushes. A moment later he came back, with the stick in his mouth, and proudly laid it at Danny's feet.

"See, Dad?" Danny said. "He figured out how to go around the chicken coop and get the stick! Isn't that smart?"

"He'd better smarten up and do something useful around here!" Mr. Daniels said.

"But gosh, Dad! He..." Danny's words were lost in the roar of the tractor engine as his father resumed his plowing.

Danny leaned on the fence and stared across at the Johnson house on the next farm. He wished that his friend, Jimmy Johnson, weren't

sick in bed so that he could show Jimmy how well Butch could fetch.

It was true that Butch hadn't learned many tricks yet. In fact, he had just learned to fetch and Danny had had him since the day six months ago when the dog, ragged and full of blisters, had showed up at the farm. Mr. Daniels had taken Butch hunting once, but at the first blast of the shotgun the dog had run all the way home! Mr. Daniels believed that everything on the farm should "earn its keep" (even Danny had his chores to do) and so he had small patience with Butch. That's why Danny was so anxious for Butch to learn to do something, even a few tricks.

He patted the big dog's head and Butch hung out his tongue, as if laughing happily to be with his young master. Danny picked up another stick and Butch began dancing around eagerly. Danny drew back his arm to throw, then froze. From the chimney of the Johnson house a cloud of smoke was pouring. Too much smoke! Then orange tongues of flame leaped from the roof and the Johnson family came running out of the house.

Danny turned and ran toward the tractor with Butch at his heels. "Dad! The Johnson's fire!"

Mr. Daniels had already spotted the smoke and flame. "Tell your mother to call the fire house!" he yelled, leaping off the tractor.

Danny raced to the house and hurled into the kitchen, passing out his news and his mother went at once to the telephone. "All right, we're on the way!" Danny heard the Chief's voice in the receiver. "But it's five miles and your road's in bad shape from the rains! Do all you can!"

Danny and Butch raced for the flaming house. In spite of the searing heat, Danny's father and Mr. Johnson were setting a ladder against the house below an upstairs window, the bedroom window of Danny's friend, Jimmy!

Mr. Johnson climbed swiftly up the ladder to the very top rung and reached for the window ledge, but his fingertips fell three feet short! "Jimmy!" he called. "Can you hear me? Keep down near the floor, son. We'll get you out somehow!" But as Mr. Johnson descended, Danny saw despair written on his face. "Why didn't we think of him first?" he groaned.

"We had the other children to get out," Mrs. Johnson told him. "And we didn't know the fire would get to the stairs so quickly. But why doesn't that fire engine get here?"

"Maybe Butch could get Jimmy out," Danny said eagerly. "I saw a dog in the movies once that..."

"Be quiet, Danny!" his father said sharply. "All that dog can do is sleep and eat. This is serious!"

"Butch can fetch!" Danny said stoutly. "He can fetch good!"

Mr. Daniels started to turn away, then he paused. He stared down at Butch. "Yes, he can fetch!" he said excitedly. "It's a chance!" He pulled off his coat and yelled to Mr. Johnson: "Get a roll of thin wire, and some wire rope from the barn, fast!"

As Mr. Johnson dashed off, Danny's father began to wrap his coat about Butch. The dog seemed to know something important was going on. He squirmed and whimpered questioningly.

"What are you gonna do, Dad?" Danny asked. "Too—you can't make Butch go in there!" Suddenly, he was afraid for his big, awkward, faithful dog.

"It's our only chance!" his father snapped. "Here, give me that piece of wood!" He took the end of the light wire Mr. Johnson had brought and tied it securely around the heavy stick of wood. "Now!" he said. "Tell Butch to fetch!" And he buried the stick toward the house.

Trelling the light wire, the stick smashed the window of Jimmy Johnson's bedroom and landed inside the room.

Even as it was falling through the air, Danny was calling: "Fetch, Butch!", and the big dog

was running toward the house. Under the window, he barked excitedly, then headed for the door. But there he recoiled, whining, as the smoke and flame drove him back. Then Danny yelled again: "Fetch it, boy!" and with one last glance over his shoulder at his young master, Butch plunged in.

For long, agonized moments they waited, staring at the wire that led to Jimmy's room. Then, just as they began to give up hope, the wire began to flow into the room, slowly at first, then faster and faster as Butch left the room and fed down the flaming staircase in the house, to burst out of the door with the heavy stick in his mouth.

Singed and smoking, with the coat about him burned in a dozen places, he laid the stick, still trailing the wire, at the feet of his young master.

"Atta boy, Butch!" Danny said with tears in his eyes. "I know you could do it!"

Swiftly, Danny's father and Mr. Johnson tied a length of wire rope to the light wire and pulled on the end that Butch had brought them with the stick from Jimmy's room. The wire rope rose to Jimmy's window and finally the end came through the front door, pulled by the wire. Almost before Danny's father could get a grip on this end, Mr. Johnson was climbing up the rope hand over hand, his feet braced against the bones, toward the window that was now belching black smoke. He plunged recklessly through the window and in a moment reappeared with a small figure in one arm. As he slid swiftly to the ground, his blackened face was one big smile.

"He's all right!" he choked. "Knocked out by the smoke, but he's all right!"

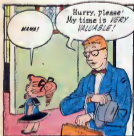
Just then, the fire engine from town pulled up and the firemen took charge, two of them placing an oxygen mask over little Jimmy's face.

"How about that, Dad?" Danny asked his father. "I told you Butch could fetch good. And I bet he can learn a lot more tricks!"

Mr. Daniels patted the scorched hair on the big dog's head. "Butch doesn't have to learn any more tricks. It doesn't matter if he just eats and sleeps from now on. He's earned his keep a thousand times over!"

And as Butch's tongue lolled out, Danny knew the big dog was laughing, as happily as Danny himself!

# CREAMY Mimi







Dont worry Mimi.. Dr. Craige will fix you up!



Hello. Miss Jensen. Is Dr Craige in? Mimi seems to have lost her voice!

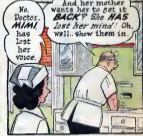


She **HAS**!! Just a moment I'll tell the doctor you're here.



It's Mimi with her mother. She's lost her voice!

I'm not surprised! I'D lose my **MIND** if I had a child who yelled like Mimi!



No. Doctor. **MIMI!** has lost her voice.

And her mother wants her to get it **BACK**? She **HAS** lost her mind! Oh, well.. show them in.



Say **AN**.. But *quietly*!



It's just laryngitis. Mrs Mc Bride, this should fix her up in an hour or two.

I certainly hope so I do want her to go to college!

College? At Mimi's age? For Mrs Mc Bride!



Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z



# ZIPPY-OATS!



END

# RUFF









# Jumpin' Jupiter!













If you take **HER** you gotta take **ME** too!

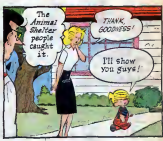
Don't **TEMPT** us, boy!

Let her go, Dennis!



We **CAN'T** keep a **KANGAROO**, Dennis! This was your Uncle Bill's idea of a **JOKE!**

It's a **FUNNY** joke, an I wanna **KEEP** him!



The **Animal Shelter** people caught it.

**THANK, GOODNESS!**

I'll show you guys!



Henry, see what Dennis is doing in there

**DENNIS!**  
**WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING... STOP IT!**



I wanna talk to my Uncle Bill... down where the kangaroos come from. I need another one!

END

# Dennis THE MENACE



"GUPPY TO SEE ME?" SHE SAID. A MINUTE AGO YOU SAID YOU WISHED SHE'D STAY HOME!"



"WHY DON'T YOU GIVE PINKIE OUT WHAT A FIVE-  
YEAR-OLD AND GORILLA WASH AWAY CLOTHES?"



"I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIS SLEEP, DOCTOR. HE SOMETIMES WAKES UP NEEDING AIR."



"WHAT IS THE PRO, GAWD? HE TRACKED A LOT OF  
DORNIERS OVER ME!"





# The Dennis Project

DENNIS THE MENACE # 20

January 1957 • Standard / Pines

"DENNIS... ALL AMERICAN BOY" 4 PGS

"INDIAN SUMMER" 4 PGS

"TRIAL BY FIRE" (TEXT STORY) 4 PGS  
WRITER LINDORF

"SCREAMY MIMI" 4 PGS

"RUFF" 4 PGS

"JUMPIN' JITTER" 4 PGS

STORY AND ART FOR THE ENTIRE ISSUE BY THE  
LEGENDARY FRED TOOLE AND AL WISEMAN

36 Pages Total - Cover to Cover COMPLETE

MaCea  
Presents

ANOTHER ESCAPE SCAN  
PROUD MEMBER SINCE DAY ONE!

